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T H E
A D V E R T I S E M E N T
T E M P T A T I O N,

O R,
S A T A N I N T H E C O U N T R Y.

A P O E M.

O Nostra Umanità, quanto se frale!

Guarini.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X X I.

THE FINEST ARTS

AND THE COUNTRY

OF THE



ADVERTISEMENT.

TH E Author thinks it necessary to inform the Reader, lest he should expect too much from the following *jeu d'esprit*, that it owes it's origin to a very trifling incident, and that Satan does not here distinguish himself like the Heroes of the Epic Poem, by the achievement of great exploits, but contents himself for once, with bringing about a catastrophe of small importance.---As to the Poem, it is too inconsiderable to be ushered into the world with the usual formalities; therefore does not avail itself of the stale apology for its appearance, that it is published *at the request of Friends*, nor does it endeavour to excite curiosity thro' the medium of pompous dedication: The Muse, however,

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however, conscious of imperfection, does not submit this production to the public eye without diffidence, and would therefore recommend to the reader, the maxim of Mr. SHERLOCK, "CHERCHER TOUJOUR LE BEAU," and earnestly intreat the Critic *not to put on his Spectacles.*

THE

THE T E M P T A T I O N,

O R,

S A T A N in the C O U N T R Y.

IN London's City, Satan long,
Had rul'd the num'rous giddy throng,
There each subservient to his sway
Still follow'd as he led the way.

But cloy'd at length with tame submission,
(For glory's source is Opposition)

B

And

And weary of a vanquish'd field,
 That no new Laurels had to yield ;
 To rural scenes would now repair,
 In search of nobler conquest there ;
 For none in all his haunts he finds,
 Of such perverse and stubborn minds,
 Like those in ancient ages past,
 Who kept their Virtue to the last ;
 No upright Man like Job to teize,
 With penury and sore disease ;
 No Eve that made it worth his while,
 To meditate the various guile,
 And ere accomplish the temptation,
 To undergo strange transformation ;
 Seduction now is grown so common,
 'Tis nothing new to tempt a Woman ;

No

No arduous difficult pursuit,
 To make her taste forbidden Fruit,
 And this, the Demon griev'd to see,
 His Imps could do as well as He.

To Twick'nam's Vales his steps he guides,
 Where Thames with smoothest current glides.
 When wafted on the fragrant shore,
 Where Art and Nature's blended store,
 Vie which the other shall out-do,
 To ornament the pictur'd view.
 Well pleas'd he sniffs the vernal breeze,
 And lolls amid embow'ring trees;
 And while around his eyes he cast,
 He recollects his Frolicks past;

The

The scene refem'bling that abode,
 Where He, malignant ugly Toad,
 Bewich'd the most accomplish'd Maid,
 That ever was by art betray'd :
 And first infus'd i n female brain,
 Desires unholy to obtain ;
 And first inspir'd the stubborn will,
 And Nature, prone to practise ill.

Now, while he wanders to and fro,
 Uncertain here or there to go,
 A Country Friend by chance he meets,
 Who thus, the penfive Hero greets.

“ WHAT sport in shades, can Satan find ?

“ What schemes to stimulate his mind ?

“ Here

- " Here are no Plunders, Murders, Factions,
 " None of his glorious great Transactions;
 " In Cities vice a giant stalks,
 " In Villages, a pigmy walks,
 " Here paltry Criminals are found,
 " And venial sins alone abound;
 " The harmless Perjuries of Love,
 " Exciting Mirth in mighty Jove.*
 " The cautious prude's investigation,
 " Of ev'ry Fair one's reputation.
 " The gossip's entertaining lie,
 " Which all would hear, tho' all decry;
 " The female gamesters practis'd skill,
 " In little pilferings at Quadrille.

* ————— at Lovers Perjuries
 They say Jove laughs. ROMEO and JULIET.

C

" These

" These are the puny frauds that we
" Blend with our rude rusticity."

SATAN reply'd, " Each infant crime,
" I mean to make mature in time,
" To make each plant of evil shoot,
" Unnumber'd suckers from its root,
" And e'en in cottages to find,
" In embryo, many a demon's mind,
" Which foster'd by my genial care,
" Mischief in ev'ry form shall bear ;
" Rapt in these hopes thy Satan roves,
" Thro' Thames's fair umbrageous groves.

" To say the truth I left the town,
" Of its stale follies weary grown,
" Since

“ Since Riot, Discord, Conflagration,
“ Have given place to Dissipation,
“ And Pleasure summons all her train,
“ To lure her vot’ries back again ;
“ The languid scenes so pall my sense,
“ I was not born for indolence,
“ To saunter in St. James’s mall,
“ Or fit spectator at a ball,
“ To view the gaudy midnight show,
“ Or take the air in rotten row,
“ Where the gilt coach with heavy pace,
“ Proclaims some ancient, noble face,
“ That worn by vice, by time subdu’d,
“ Infirm with age’s lassitude,
“ Would there inhale a purer breath,
“ To guard the avenues of death.

“ OR

“ OR in Fops alley take my stand,
“ The hat befeather’d in my hand,
“ To see Italia’s feeble race,
“ With voice attun’d to female grace,
“ For lazy Britons strain their throats,
“ And quav’ring strut in buck’ram coats;
“ These dronish pastimes ill agree,
“ With souls of my activity.

“ BUT now to pass an hour away,
“ What little freak shall Satan play?
“ Tho’ keenest mischief is my pleasure,
“ The lesser now shall serve my leisure.”

“ MARK ! ” cries the friend,—“ yon trembling door,
“ Shook with the clam’rous knockers roar,

“ Where

“ Where yonder powder'd Beau arrives,

“ 'Tis there the good Aspasia lives.

“ To night a banquet she provides,

“ And o'er a chosen few presides :

“ No ostentatious vain displays

“ The latent spark of pride betrays ;

“ Her hospitable smiles dispense,

“ The rites of kind benevolence.

“ THERE Sappho comes, a vaunting dame,

“ Who boasts superior honest fame,

“ Condemns mean practices of play,

“ Nor hoards the fish she ought to pay,

“ Observant of each sacred rule,

“ And faithful though she keep the pool.

D

To

" To no ambitious heights aspires,
 " But humbly to the plains retires ;
 " The past'ral life well pleas'd to lead,
 " To cultivate the fertile mead,
 " To plant beneath th'autumnal ray,
 " And patient wait the rip'ning May,
 " Presumes to hate the Devil's race,
 " And never means to see his face,
 " Is conversant in musty rules,
 " Of vice—misleading only fools ;
 " Calls virtue bliss—if understood,
 " And wisdom only—to be good."

" —Hold" Satan cries,—“ enough—adieu.”—

And o'er the meads abruptly flew :
 Soon gaining that * illustrious place,
 Where nature lavish'd many a grace,

* Montpellier Row.

Ere lordly pow'r bade groves arise,
 To shadow rivers, hills, and skies,
 Which from Montpellier took its name,
 Montpellier's gales well known to fame.

ASPASTA's room the fiend contains—

Invisible he there remains ;
 Now baleful influence spreading round,
 *Evil did instantly abound,
 Mischief on purest bosoms wrought,
 And chastest maids—unchastly thought ;
 Slander began her devastation,
 And torrents flow'd of defamation,

* An apology would be made for the liberty here taken with the characters of the company present during the time of this celebrated temptation, was it not presum'd that poetic fiction needs none; and that a further explanation of it would only subject the Author to a comparison with the Lion in the Midsummer-night's-dream, who tells his audience that he is *not* a *Lion*, but one *Snug the joiner*.

Lips

Lips fam'd for truth long ages past,
 Now utter'd lies and dropp'd them fast;
 While others once of candour vain,
 Those lies collect to tell again.

THE verdant table Satan spy'd,
 And took his seat by Lydia's side;
 Soon as he hovers o'er her hand,
 Lydia finds Aces at command;
 From one known shuffle amply pours
 SANS PRENDRE games, and matadores:
 Then perching next on Cosmo's sword,
 Two Fish were pilfer'd from the board.
 Now as he nearer Sappho drew,
 Sappho her purse produc'd to view,

Produc'd,

Produc'd, but with no ill intent,
 An honest purpose all she meant.

WITHIN that purse, conceal'd from sight,
 Nor e'er design'd to see the light,
 Lurk'd a vile Coin, whose fallow face
 Proclaim'd its origin was base :
 With surface thinly silver'd o'er,
 The piece a shilling's sem'blance bore ;
 But cautious eyes would quickly view,
 Potosi's mine the cheat ne'er knew.

THE Devil now approaching near,
 Spoke something softly in her ear ;
 A rising blush, her cheek o'erspread,
 Succeeding paleness chas'd the red.

E

Whispering

Whisp'ring he cry'd, " Your coin of brass

" On Claire for solid silver pass,

" Nor vainly fear a close inspection,

" These wax lights promise you protection ;

" The prying Sun would tell the tale,

" And blab the secret thro' the vale.

" But feebler rays the taper yields,

" The slight deception often shields.

" 'Twere deed accurst to wrong the poor,

" And trick the beggar at your door,

" Or with it pay a tradesman's bill,

" Would argue a dishonest will ;

" But Claire no injury will sustain,

" Th' impostor may return again ;

" Thro' the same channel win its way,

" And fluctuate on the tide of play.

" BESIDES,

“ BESIDES, the action you intend,
“ Must needs promote a moral end,
“ The love of play from av’rice springs,
“ A thirst for wealth its ardor brings.
“ Profit like this might cure the passion,
“ Or moderate its growing fashion.”

THUS with false reason, false pretence,
He fascinates her erring sense,
And with his artful guile betray’d
The thoughtless, unsuspecting Maid.
Conscience her bosom’s guardian slept,
The post deserting which she kept,
The vacant fortrefs Satan gain’d,
And no opposing force remain’d.

Pleas’d,

PLEAS'D, as when Eve with sparkling eyes,
 The Apple took to make her wife;
 The Fiend's temptation now fulfilling,
 To Claire she gives the Copper Shilling.
 The guilty Demon straight retir'd,
 Charm'd with the mischief he inspir'd;
 And left the Fair to curse at will,
 Herself, the Devil, and Quadrille.

11:7:49

F I N I S.